

# SEEING WAR

## A Man Encounters Enough of It Without Smelling Powder

By HARRY VAN AMBERG

When the Franco-Prussian war broke out I was twenty-five years of age and a globe trotter. Within me flamed up a desire to see war, actual war, men standing up to kill each other professedly—not that any one man had a grudge against any other man in the enemy's ranks, but because he was a soldier, whose business it was to kill and be killed. As to the war in question, it was undertaken by a man who had usurped the government of the French people. They were preparing to get rid of him, and he prepared to direct their attention elsewhere or, much the same principle that one would put an end to a family disagreement by setting fire to the house.

At that time, young as I was, I took no thought as to the cause of the war. I was interested only in seeing the fight. I was in St. Petersburg at the time, and so eager was I that I took the train for Berlin in order not to lose any part of it. Knowing that it was a violation to go to the front it would be denied me, I went without permission. All I had in the way of vouchers was my passport, certifying that I was an American citizen.

When I reached the border line between France and Germany the Prussians had advanced beyond it. I hurried on in their wake, fearing the war would be over before I could have an opportunity to see any of it. When I reached the columns I was chasing, I found that they had halted in their march and were lying down. I was surprised to learn that they did not know whether they were to remain there an hour or a century. On reaching their outposts I requested to be taken to their commanding officer, and they obliged me. I was conducted to the tent of Colonel Lauterjung, who looked at me very sternly.

I handed him my passport and told him in the German language, which I spoke indifferently, that I was an American citizen and had come to the camp in order to see the war. He glanced at the passport and asked me if I had received a permit from the war office at Berlin to come within his lines. When I admitted that I had not he turned to an officer standing near and ordered him to expel me from the lines in the direction from which I had come and see that I didn't get back again.

Seeing that protest would be useless, I followed the officer out of the tent, but we had not gone far before we were halted by the colonel's orderly and recalled. The colonel told me that he had reconsidered his action and had decided to send me to the headquarters of the corps d'armee, where I would have an opportunity to state my case.

The officer who conducted me on arrival at the general's tent sent in communication from Colonel Lauterjung, and presently I was admitted to the tent. General Kritzschmer looked at me with more interest than I had reason to expect from him. He asked me a number of questions—where I had lately been, from what direction I had approached the army, my object in coming. I told him that I had come straight from St. Petersburg through Berlin and desired to see the war, especially a battle. I asked him if he would move forward soon. He told me that I would go on, fearing the war would be over and I not having seen it. His brows contracted at this. Then he explained that even corps commanders did not ask such questions of the general in chief. He said also that he would be pleased to have me attach myself to his command, but it would be impossible for me to go from one part of the German army to another. He said this in a stern tone that I saw at once that he meant his purpose to let me go elsewhere. He sent for one of his aides, Major Guenther, and told him in my presence to show me such attention as would be permitted by the rules of the service. Then he dismissed us both.

Major Guenther, I judged, was the member of the staff one of whose duties was to take care of persons not belonging to the military service with whom the army came in contact. He provided me with a tent and food, and I could see plainly that he was keeping an eye on me. The headquarters were surrounded with a guard of honor, and on attempting to pass beyond it I was stopped by a sentinel. I asked the major if he would pass me out so that I could visit the camps, and he said that citizens were not permitted to roam at large, but he would be happy to ride about with me himself and show me all there was to be seen.

After luncheon, which we took together, I was provided with a horse, and Major Guenther kept his promise. Indeed, there was no part of General Kritzschmer's army that I did not see, and my conductor afforded me every information as to the number of men it contained, the divisions of infantry, artillery and cavalry, the weight of

the field guns—in short, any and every thing that goes to make up a fighting force.

I took my dinner with Major Guenther and turned in early since my haste to see war had led me to travel day and night and I was very sleepy. I slept on an army cot and lost myself as soon as I lay down. Nevertheless I awakened in about an hour oppressed by a feeling of apprehension. It seemed to me that there must be some reason for my being treated with so much attention, and, though I could not explain why, I dreaded lest it meant something malevolent.

While I was thinking about it I saw the tent flap shoved noisily aside and in the lighter aperture a crouching figure. Being curious to know what would happen, I breathed like a sleeper. A hand was thrust into the tent, which grasped my clothing, including boots and hat, and took them away.

What did it mean? Something must be wrong. I had been watched. Now some one had removed my clothing, doubtless for a purpose. Why I could not divine. I lay perfectly still and presently saw the tent flaps parted again and heard some one replace my belongings. I was curious to know if they showed any signs of what had been done with them, but thought it better to wait till morning. I did not care to have it appear that I was awake and cognizant of the incident.

When day came I looked through my clothes, but nothing was missing. Nothing had been added. They were just as when I had taken them off the night before. I was more puzzled than ever.

During this day I could not detect that I was watched as the day before. I was not treated with more cordiality, but more indifference. Either there was a change of feeling toward me or no time to attend to me. But I had met with a surprise during the night, not to say a shock, that I did not recover from. I passed the day in four tent something should happen to me. I had come to see men injure each other and now dreaded lest they injure me. And the worst of it was that such injury was being wrought out in secret.

My fears were somewhat allayed during the day by the officer who was responsible for my giving me an invitation from his general to dine with him in the evening with a party of other friends from Berlin. I replied that I had no evening dress with me, but was informed that under the circumstances this would be excusable. The dinner took place in the open air in the light of Chinese lanterns. The guests consisted of both men and women. I had drunk enough wine to make me feel comfortable and languish my fears when a lady sitting next to me, screened by the table, put a crumpled piece of paper in my hand. I dared not look at it, so I put it in my pocket till the dinner was ended. On parting with the other guests I did not bid them goodby, for they were not to return to Berlin till the next afternoon. As soon as I was alone I examined the paper as it read:

We are both in danger, both being in the same boat. I shall not be permitted to depart, and tomorrow the information of the German forces I give below will be found on me. I can destroy the papers, but prefer to turn them over to you, hoping that you may succeed in getting away with them, or transferring them to another.

Here at last was an explanation of my singular treatment, an explanation that filled me with apprehension. And when I thought that I might be arrested with this paper on me I felt the marrow in my bones congeal. How should I get rid of it? If I tore it into bits and threw them away they might be collected and put together. The only safe way was to burn them—that is, if I could do so without being seen. I finally hit on an expedient. I had a pipe with me and while putting tobacco in it for a smoke contrived to put the paper in also. Then, lighting the contents, I smoked vigorously. The paper stopped the draft, and I was obliged to relight several times. Finally there was nothing left of the paper but ashes.

After the departure of the guests from Berlin the general sent for me and received me with a manner entirely changed. "I have to offer you an apology," he said, "for a suspicion that has attached to you since you came into our camp. We had information that a spy answering your description was seeking admission to our camps. That is the reason you were sent to me instead of being expelled from our lines. We have been watching you while giving you every facility to gather information which we did not intend you should take away. The lady who gave you a slip of paper last evening did so at my request since we desired evidence against you.

"However, the traps we have laid for you came to a halt this morning by the arrest of the spy we were after. He might have been your twin brother, he is so like you. Permit me to congratulate you on a very narrow escape."

"Thank you." "It is to be shot this afternoon. Would you like to see the execution?" I declined the honor and asked the general's permission to depart at once. On getting out of the German lines I made a bee line for home. I had seen very little of war, and what I had seen concerned myself and not others. It is a far different matter seeing others killed from being killed oneself. When I reached home I was asked repeatedly: "How does it seem to see a man killed?"

"I don't know," I replied, "and I don't wish to know. I narrowly escaped death, and that is not in the excitement of battle, but standing before a pile of riflemen or by a rope."

### IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Bush Best All Around Short-stop, Says Jennings.



Photo by American Press Association.

Owens Bush, Detroit's little short-stop, is the best all-around man in the position today. So says Manager Hughie Jennings. The little fellow covers more ground than most of the men holding down the job at short. "He has an evening dress with me, but was informed that under the circumstances this would be excusable. The dinner took place in the open air in the light of Chinese lanterns. The guests consisted of both men and women. I had drunk enough wine to make me feel comfortable and languish my fears when a lady sitting next to me, screened by the table, put a crumpled piece of paper in my hand. I dared not look at it, so I put it in my pocket till the dinner was ended. On parting with the other guests I did not bid them goodby, for they were not to return to Berlin till the next afternoon. As soon as I was alone I examined the paper as it read:

### International Lawn Tennis Pays.

It has been said that America is a "sport mad" that the general boom in interest in competitive events extends to tennis is proved by the figures. Learned recently, placing the total gate receipts of the recent international matches here at \$19,000. Of this surprising sum \$7,000 went to defray the expenses of the American team. Of the net profits of \$12,000, half was turned over to the Australian team. The West Side Lawn Tennis club of New York on whose courts the matches were played, received \$400, and the remaining \$4,000 was put in the treasury of the National Lawn Tennis association.

### Athletics in Finland.

Melvin Sheppard tells of a talk with an official of the Finnish Athletic association in which the latter was asked if there was any difference between amateurs and professionals in Finland. "None at all," replied the Finn. "As far as I can see the only difference between an amateur and a professional is that the amateur is afraid to sign his name, while a professional attaches his signature to the receipt for any money he earns. In Finland the athletes for the most part cannot write, so there is no difference at all between the pro and the simon pure."

### United States Navy to Take Up Boxing.

Uncle Sam is going to teach his sailors and boys to box. Not that theistic religion is a lost art in the navy. Boxing has always been popular with the sailors, and from their ranks have emerged more famous pugilists than from any other walk of life. But at the present time so many of the bluejackets are interested in the sport that there has arisen a demand for a competent instructor to explain the mysteries of the jab, hook and sidestep.

### New World's Relay Record.

The Boston A. A. relay team, composed of Mahoney, Marceau, Powers, and Hedlund, ran four miles at Easton, Pa., recently in 17 minutes 51.5 seconds. This is a new world's record. The best previous athletic club record was 18 minutes 41.5 seconds, made by the Irish American A. C. The intercollegiate record was 17 minutes 55 seconds, created by Cornell.

### New Blood for the Pirates.

Fred Clarke, the Pirates' leader, has signed Fred Kommers, an outfielder who has been making a fine record with the Springfield club of the Three-I league. Besides Kommers, infielder Opper of Arkansas university, outfielder Earl Topham from Bucknell and pitcher Ed Sayres from Brown university were also signed.

### Washington University to Tour Japan.

The university of Washington baseball team will take the proposed trip to Japan. The team will leave here for the orient Aug. 25, returning to the States Oct. 24. Ten players, Graduate Manager Ralph A. Horr, Coach Clark and Ikeda, a Japanese interpreter, will make up the party.

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Six Little Mice.

Six little mice they lived in a wood, Six little mice so pretty and good. Their tails were long, and their eyes were bright, And they loved to frisk in the clear moonlight.

Old Mother Mouse she shook her head, "My dears, you're safer far in bed. Now, trust your mother, she's old and wise, And she fears the owl with the big brown eyes."

The six little mice all looked sad, And declared they would never stay out so late. But the very next time that the moon shone bright They forgot their promise and went out at night.

Oh, how they danced! It was famous fun, Hither and thither to skip and run. Little they guessed that the big brown owl Was flying that way on his nightly prow.

He pounced on one, and he pounced on two, With a hoarse "Tuwit!" and a loud "Tu-who!" He carried them off, that owl so brown, And their dear little tails hung dangling down.

Away they scampered, those frightened four, But two little mice will come home no more. And the owl's brown babies up in the tree Had mouse for dinner and mouse for tea.

#### Doggie Got His Meat!

There was once a dog who used to go to market with his master every morning. He was always given a cent to buy meat for himself.

If the butcher took the money before he gave him the meat the dog would growl and show his teeth. One day the master was called away on business and was gone for several days. On his return he told Romp to bring him his slippers. Romp did not obey, but slunk into a corner, and the slippers could not be found.

Some hours later the gentleman went to the postoffice, and Romp went with him. As he passed the market the butcher asked him to step into the store and give him his slippers.

Romp had carried them down one at a time to pay for his meat.

#### A Picnic Stove.

In a practical article on "Pics and Campings," published in the Woman's Home Companion, appears the following: "Picnic cooking, if in inexperienced hands, will undoubtedly be better over a stove than an open fire. But you cannot carry a stove on a picnic or camping expedition, nor need you. A piece of thin sheet iron, thirty inches long by eighteen inches wide, is all the stove you want. This lid across two little banks of earth, with the fire between, or two logs with the fire between, forms an excellent stove and not only makes it unnecessary to wait for embers for good cooking—since the flames cannot reach the food through the sheet iron—but is in itself an excellent griddle for making toast and flapjacks."

#### A Peculiar Animal.

One kind of African mouse we seldom see or read about is the little elephant shrew. It is barely four inches long, but the trunk and shortened tail combined give it another four or five inches. The fur, though drab instead of gray, is otherwise like that of a chinchilla, as also are its large and delicate ears, while both in the formation and the manner of using its legs it reminds one of a new species of miniature kangaroo. It has swift leaping powers. It will tuck up its appendages and, like a ball, roll over and over in a straight line and after a meal, which occurs at very short intervals and consists of several mouthfuls only, quite surprises one by standing stock still, apart only from a gentle quivering of the trunk.

#### Betty's Visit.

Betty was shy, but when Aunt Anna said, "Will you come and see me, Betty?" Betty would say, "Yes, thank you." One day when Betty had gone home all by herself to pay a call Aunt Anna gave her a nice piece of cake with currants in it and said, "Now I think you will like that."

But Betty said, "I shall take it back for Baby Tom, if I may, for Baby Tom is too small to come and see you by himself."

So kind Betty took the cake to Tom and told him she would like him to have it, as he could not do as she had done and go alone to see Aunt Anna.

#### How Would She Know?

George, aged five, was out walking one day with his father and mother. He asked his mother to go to his aunt's house.

His mother said, "No, because you always ask for something to eat as soon as we get there, but if you will promise not to ask then we will go for a little while." So George promised not to ask for anything to eat. When they were in sight of the house George turned to his mother and asked, "Well, mamma, how will Aunt Jennie know I am hungry?"

#### Oiling His Teeth.

Paul, aged four, was eating crackers one day and, looking up to his mother, said, "Mamma, I think my teeth need oiling."

"Why, Paul?" "Because they squeak so when I bite these crackers."

### HELPS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Make Your Small Daughter a Coat Like This.



IN COTTON RATINE.

For the last few seasons ratine in white and colors has been the new material which has made the most successful frocks and entire coat suits, both for grown-ups and children.

All during the summer and well into the autumn days a coat for the small girl of some light fabric is a necessity, and the illustration shows the latest cry in these dainty little wraps. It is of white cotton ratine. Indeed, this pretty little-miss is arrayed in a whole outfit of the smart material. But to come back to the coat. It is of simple design and laid in box plaits from a square yoke, which in turn is covered by the sailor collar of Dresden patterned ratine. This dainty design also makes the turnback cuffs and belt.

The dainty little hat has a brim of white ratine and a puffed crown of the pink and white variety, and the befrilled parasol is of the sprigged stuff too. If you have an old parasol it is but the work of a moment or two to cover it with the figured ratine, and with this ensemble as smart a little costume may be turned out cheaply at home as any fashionable dress-maker could fashion.

#### For the Living Room.

There are many dainty articles which the clever needlewoman can make for her living room which require a minimum amount of time, but add much to the beauty of the home.

For the living room in summer everything should be made of washable materials, so that they can be kept fresh and clean during the dusty months. This will not be a difficult problem, for many of the most artistic fabrics serving as a background for embroidery will launder successfully. The heavy linens usually forming the basis for the lovely craftsman table-covers, draperies and cushions, the serims, casement cloths and burlesque cannot suffer harm through washing.

Make the table runner, cushions, magazine covers and draperies of any one of these materials and stamp them with an artistic conventional design. Embroider this with colors to harmonize with those used in the room.

The Bulgarian work, done with colored wools or mercerized cotton, is very popular at present and appropriate for the living room.

Choose linen of a loose, coarse weave for the background, and for the table runner cut a strip long enough to extend ten or twelve inches over each end, not including the hem.

Stamp the design at each end and embroider it with bright tones of blue, red, yellow and green, with touches of black or dark brown. Fill in the motifs with satin stitch, first padding with white darning cotton. For the cushions cut two rectangular pieces of linen, one for the top and the other for the back. Embroider a panel of the Bulgarian work at each end and finish the edge of the pillow with a cord.

#### Washing Tablecloths.

When my tablecloth is quite clean, and it becomes soiled in one small place, instead of laundering it, I said a housewife recently, I carefully slip a folded towel-between cloth and table padding and on this towel place an empty bowl, having the stain over the bowl. Pour boiling water through the stain until it fades away; then remove the bowl, lay another towel over the wet place and iron with a hot iron until nearly dry. When this is finished, carefully slip out the under towel and pass the iron again over the cloth for a few times, and you will find your cloth will be as fresh as ever without having been wrinkled or removed from the table and with the time and trouble saved.

### A CRIPPLED SOLDIER

His Life Was Marred In One Way, Perfected In Another.

I was in New York for a day with nothing to do, and to pass the time I strolled into the park. There was a balmy air coming up from the south, a cloudless blue sky, opening buds, the piping of nest building birds. Strolling down the mall, I met a perambulator, pushed by a negro boy, in which sat a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three years. As he passed me I noticed a melancholy look on his face which bespoke some great grief. To my surprise, he gave me a glance of recognition. Besides, his features were familiar to me. "I turned," and he looked back.

"You don't remember me, colonel," he said. "I admit I can't place you."

"Not remarkable since you have not seen me since I wore cadet gray, was clean shaven and had my hair cropped. You were teaching me the art of war, which in my case meant how to make a wreck of myself."

"You were of that class graduated in advance to take part in the Spanish war?" "I was, Granger—Ward Granger."

Suddenly it all came back to me. This man had been one of the prominent men in his class, a cadet captain, an excellent student, an all round popular man.

"My dear boy," I exclaimed, taking his proffered hand, "I remember you perfectly for an honor to your class, and I know by your war record that you are an honor to your country."

"A retired honor, with no feet," he said gloomily. "A picture flashed before me—a 'hop' at West Point. Granger was a graceful dancer, and I had noticed him especially salting past me in all the freshness and confidence of youth with a beautiful girl to whom he was engaged to be married."

"Let me see," I said musingly. "It seems to me that you and Miss—'" "Towne?" "Yes, Miss Towne."

"We were engaged when I went to Cuba. When I was sent back in this condition"—His voice trembled. "Surely she did not?" "She showed herself a noble girl. It was—I who would not consent."

"You?" "Yes, I," he went on bitterly. "Do you suppose I would permit a young girl of twenty to enter upon the care of a man condemned to live a cripple, to witness every day his wrecked hopes, to see him trundled about like this, to turn her course at the very beginning into a channel which must grow darker to the end? Not I. You never taught me that kind of honor, colonel."

"Though I made no reply, I felt that he was right. "Is Miss Towne married?" I asked. "No."

Last down on a wooden bench. The negro went a short distance away, and Granger and I talked for an hour. Then I left him, bidding him goodby, for I had been ordered to a southern post and was to leave the next day. A year later I received an envelope by mail from which I took cards announcing the marriage of Lieutenant Ward Leighton Granger, U. S. A., retired, and Helen Arline Towne. By the same mail came a letter from the bride:

Dear Colonel B.—Ward has asked me to write to you to "confess" what he calls his "shameful retreat" from the position taken by him at the time he last saw you. I bear witness that he maintained that position for a year, during which time I resolutely fought to carry me both by assault and undermining. He says he gave up his reasons, and it only remains for me to give you mine—viz. I could not live without him.

I laid the letter down with a sigh. I was sufficiently experienced to understand the burden this woman had taken on herself and considered her course and the yielding of her husband a mistake. I wrote a note of encouragement, but refrained from expressing any approval of the union.

Three years later while exchanging stations I passed through New York. I knew I ought to call on Ward Granger and his wife, but dreaded to do so, expecting, even after a few years, to see the effects of what I considered an unfortunate marriage. Nevertheless I called. I was ushered into the library and in a few minutes heard the thump of crutches above, then Granger coming downstairs. Beside him, holding with one hand to a crutch and with the other to the balusters, walked a boy of two years, chattering like a magpie. Mrs. Granger followed, admonishing her son to be careful and not get in his father's way. I advanced into the hall to meet them and at a glance saw that Granger was no longer a mental sufferer. His face broke into a happy smile, white his wife, also smiling, exclaimed: "You thought we'd made a mistake, colonel, didn't you?"

"I—mistake—I assure you—" "A nice letter of congratulation you sent us—cold as an icicle!" "Admit, colonel," said the husband, "that if you were on a court martial to try me for a dishonorable surrender you'd convict me."

"And you'd convict me," said the wife, "of recklessness and stupidity." "Madam," I replied, "I would sentence any woman for such an act to be shot, but in your case I would recommend a pardon and promotion to the highest rank."